Everyone in my neighborhood has a story about the sledding hill. I can remember my story like it was yesterday. It was snowing all day while I was in school. I could not wait to go home and sled. It seemed like the school day would never end and then it finally was over. My friend Tony and I talked about sledding on the way home. He said that he had been thinking about it all day, too. The bus came to our stop and we sprinted home faster than a child to the living room on Christmas morning. We got our snow clothes on, and we met at my house and continued to walk to the hill. We talked about sledding while we walked. We knew how much fun it was going to be in all of the powder, making the biggest jumps.

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In my neighborhood, everyone has a story about the sledding hill.

I can remember my story like it was yesterday.

All day while I was in school, it was snowing so hard that I could not wait to go home and sled, yet the day plodded on and on and on.

And then finally it was over.

On the way home, my friend Tony and I talked about sledding because he had been thinking about it all day, too.

When the bus came to our stop, we sprinted home faster than a child to the living room on Christmas morning, got our snow clothes on, and met at my house.

Then off to the hill!

Making the biggest jumps, all the soft powder, how much fun it was going to be—we talked about sledding as we walked to the hill.

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